

THE
 Foundling Hospital
 FOR
 W I T.

Intended for the
 Reception and Preservation of such Brats of WIT and
 HUMOUR whose Parents chuse to Drop them.

NUMBER IV. to be Continued Occasionally.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|---|--|
| Ode to H-y F-x, on the
Marriage of the Duchefs
of M-----r.
Ode to the Author of the
<i>Conquer'd Duchefs.</i>
Rural Reflections of a
Welch Poet.
<i>W--d--m</i> and <i>P---m--y</i> ;
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ter, and the Burlesque. |
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With many Curious Pieces never before printed, and
 a General Table of Contents to the Whole.

By TIMOTHY SILENCE, *Esq;*

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. Paul's. 1747.

[Price One Shilling.]

There may be had Number I, II, and III, containing all the Sa-
 ves, Odes, Ballads, and Epigrams, by the Prime WITS of this
 Age, since the Change of the late Earl of O---d's Administration.

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T H



THE
Foundling Hospital
FOR
W I T.

NUMBER IV.

*An ODE to the Honourable H—y F—x, on the
Marriage of the Du—s of M-----R to H—s—y,
Esq;*

CLIO, behold this charming Day,
The Zephyrs blow, the Sun looks gay,
The Sky one perfect Blue ;
Can you refuse at such a Time,
When F-x and I both beg for Rhyme,
To sing us something new ?

The Goddesses smil'd, and thus begun :
I've got a pleasing Theme, my Son,
I'll sing the conquer'd D-----s ;
I'll sing of that disdainful Fair,
Who, scap'd from *Scotch* and *English* Snare,
Is fast in *Irish* Clutches.

B

Sunk

Sunk is her Pow'r, her Sway is o'er,
 She'll be no more ador'd, no more
 Shine forth the publick Care :
 Oh ! what a Falling-off is here,
 From her whose Frowns made Wisdom fear,
 Whose Scorn begot Despair !

Wide was th' Extent of her Commands,
 O'er fertile Fields, o'er barren Lands
 She stretch'd her haughty Reign :
 The Coxcomb, Fool, and Man of Sense,
 Youth, Manhood, Age, and Impotence
 With Pride receiv'd her Chain.

Here *L--c--t--r* offer'd brutal Love,
 Here gentle *C--b--r--y* gently strove
 With Sighs to fan Desire ;
 Here *C---b--l* snor'd his Hours away,
 Here drowsy *S--n--pe* every Day
 Sat out her *Gr---*'s Fire.

Here constant *B--t---n* too we saw
 Kneeling with reverential Awe,
 T'adore his high-flown Choice ;
 Where you, my *F-x*, have sigh'd whole Days,
 Forgetting Kings and Peoples Praise,
 Deaf to Ambition's Voice.——

What Cloaths you made ! how fine you drest !
 What *Dresden* China for her Feast !——
 But I'll no longer tease you ;
 Yet 'tis a Truth you can't deny,
 Tho' Lady *C--r--l--e* is nigh,
 And does not look quite easy.

But careful Heaven design'd her Grace
For one of the *Milesian* Race,
On stronger Parts depending ;
Nature indeed denies them Sense,
But gives them Legs and Impudence,
That beats all Understanding.

Which to accomplish, *H--ff--y* came,
Op'ning before the noble Dame
His honourable Trenches ;
Nor of Rebukes nor Frowns afraid,
He push'd his Way (he knew his Trade,)
And won the Place by Inches.

Look down, *St. Patrick*, with Success,
Like *H--f--y's* all the *Irish* bless,
May they all do as he does ;
And still preserve their Breed the same,
Cast in his Mould, made in his Frame,
To comfort *English* Widows.

An ODE addressed to the Author of the Conquered
Duchess. In Answer to that Celebrated Performance.

WHAT Clamour's here about a Dame,
Who, for her Pleasure, barter Fame !
As if 'twere strange or new,
That Ladies shou'd themselves disgrace,
Or one of the *Milesian* Race
A Widow shou'd pursue.

She's better, sure, than *S--d--m-e*,
 Who, while a Duchess, play'd the Wh--re,
 As all the World has heard :
 Wiser than Lady *H--r---t* too,
 Whose foolish Match made such a Do,
 And ruin'd her and *B--rd*.

Yet She is gay as Lady *V--ne*,
 Who, should She list her am'rous Train,
 Might fairly man a Fleet ;
 Sprightly as *Or--f--d's* Countess, she,
 And as the wanton *T--wn--f--d* free,
 And more than both, discreet.

For She had Patience first to wed
 Before She took the Man to Bed ;
 And can you say that's bad ?
 Like *Diomedes*, your Arrows rove ;
 Like him you wound the Queen of Love,
 And may like him run-mad.

There was, Sir Knight, there was a Time,
 If you invok'd your Muse for Rhyme,
 That all the World stood gazing ;
 You sung us then of Folks that sold
 Themselves and Country too for Gold,
 Or something as amazing :

How *S---ds*, in Sense, in Person queer,
 Jump'd from a Patriot to a Peer,
 No Mortal yet knows why ;
 How *P---t--y* truck'd the fairest Fame
 For a Right Honourable Name
 To call his Vixen by.

How C—— rose, when *W-l-p-le* fell,
 'Twas you, and only you could tell,
 And all the Scene disclos'd :
 How *V--ne* and *R--sh--t*, *B--th--st*, *G--w--r*,
 Were curs'd and stigmatiz'd by Power,
 And rais'd, to be expos'd.

To Heights like these your Muse shou'd fly,
 To others leave the middle Sky,
 Whose Wings are weak and flaggy ;
 Leave these to some young *Foppington*,
 Who takes your Leavings, *W--ff--g-ton*,
 And tunes his Odes to *Peggy*.

For you, who know the Sex so well,
 Must own that Women most excell
 When ruling, or when rul'd.
 While young, they others lead astray ;
 When old, they every Call obey,
 Still fooling, or befool'd.

Scheme upon Scheme must still succeed,
 They every Coxcomb's Tale must heed,
 Until their Brains grow muzzy ;
 And then by one false Step 'tis seen,
 How slight the Difference is between
 The Ducheſs and the *Hussey*.

The Rural Reflections of a Welch P O E T.

STOP, stop, my Steed ! hail *Cambria*, hail,
 With craggy Clifts and darksome Vale,
 May no rude Steps defile 'em !
 Your Poet with a Vengeance sent
 From *London* Post, is hither bent
 To find a safe Asylum.

Bar,

Bar, bar the Doors, exclude e'en Fear,
 Who press'd upon my Horse's Rear,
 And made the Fleet still fleetier ;
 Here shall my hurried Soul repose,
 And undisturb'd by IRISH Prose,
 Renew my Lyric Metre.

Thus *Flaccus* at *Philippi's* Field
 Behind him left his little Shield,
 And sculk'd in *Sabine* Cavern :
 Had I not wrote that cursed Ode,
 My Coward Heart I ne'er had shew'd
 The Jest of every Tavern.

Ye Guardians of *Mercurial* Men,
 I boast from you my sprightly Pen,
 I rhyme by your Direction :
 Why did you partial Gifts impart ?
 You gave a Head, but gave no Heart,
 No Heart for Head's Protection.

Hence 'tis my Wit outruns my Strength,
 And scans each Inch of H--s---y's Length,
 His Length of Sword forgetting ;
 Hence angry Boys my Rhyme provoke
 I ne'er (too serious proves the Joke)
 Can think on't without Sweating.

What the * Lieutenant once deny'd,
 My inauspicious Wit supply'd,
 And forc'd me into Action ;
 To me, as to this Scribe indite,
 HIBERNIA'S Sons. — I cannot write,
 To give them Satisfaction.

* Lord Lieut. I——d.

Fool,

Fool, cou'd I sing for others Sport,
 The taking of the Duchefs' Fort,
 And which the Way to win her;
 I, undisturb'd, my Town enjoy'd
 Then (NERO like) with Fire destroy'd,
 By springing Mines within her.

Oh! had I sung sweet Roundelay,
 Great George's Birth, or New-years Day,
 As innocent as Colly,
 Your other Pope, (oh hear, ye Nine!)
 He'd gladly all his Odes resign,
 And screen himself in Folly.

Ah! since my Fear has forc'd me hither,
 I feel no more that sweet blue Weather
 The Muses most delight in;
 Dark and more dark each Cloud impends,
 And ev'ry Message from my Friends
 Conveys sad Hints of fighting.

To harmless Themes I'll tune my Reed,
 Listen, ye Lambkins, whilst you feed,
 Ye Shepherds, Nymphs, and Fountains;
 Ye Bees, with soporiferous Hums,
 Ye pendent Goats, if H--ff---y comes,
 Convey me to your Mountains.

There may I sing secure, nor Fear
 Shall pull the Songster by the Ear,
 T'advise me whilst I am writing:
 Or if my Satire will burst forth,
 I'll lampoon Parsons in my Wrath,
 Their Cloth forbids them fighting.

When

When e'er I think, can *W*———s brook
 To sculk beneath this lonely Nook,
 And tamely bear what few will?
H-r---t like *Priam's* Son appears,
 Cries as he shakes his bloody Ears,
 Beware of *Irish* Duel.

I flutter like *Macbeth*! Arise
 Strange Scenes, and swim before my Eyes,
 Swords, Pistols, bloody —— shocking!
 Whole Crowds of *Irish* cross my View,
 I feel th' involuntary Dew
 Run trickling down my Stocking.

Sure Sign how all's within, I trow:
C-n---l once forc'd such Streams to flow,
 So dreadful he to meet is;
 Shou'd gentle *C-rnb--y*, *Lie-----r*, *B---b*,
 Or drowsy *S---b--e*, wake in Wrath,
 'Twould cause a Diabetes.

Oh *Patrick*, Courage-giving Saint,
 Reverse my Pray'r thou late did'st grant,
 Or I'm forever undone!
 Rust all their Pistols, break their Swords,
 And if they'll fight it out in Words,
 I'll come again to *London*.

W--NDH--M and P--LT--Y : or the Vision at Bath.
An Imitation of that excellent old Song, WILLIAM and
MARGARET.

B—— vex'd with Courts, the Country fought,
 To ease his troubled Mind,
 But little dreamt the angry *P---r*
 More Trouble there to find.

He

He strove to lay aside all *Cares*,
 Ev'n those for *Wealth* and *Fame*;
 Nor brought a *Spark* of *Malice* down,
 Except against the *Game*.

The live-long *Day* in *Sport* he spent,
 His *Toils* surviv'd the *Light*;
 And yet tho' wearied *Home* he came,
 He *slept* not *sound* at *Night*.

O THOUGHT, thou busy, restless, Thing!
 In Peasant and in Peer;
 How durst thou *plague* so great a *Man*,
 Who holds his *Peace* so dear?

A *Man* so great, *three Nations* once
 Did on his *Steps* attend;
 Ev'n STATESMEN trembled at his *Frown*,
 And K--- to him did *bend*.

Yet Him at times thou durst *reproach*,
 Durst *tax* Him with his *Deeds*;
 Thus boldly should a *Man* presume,
 For his *Offence* he *bleeds*.

To *stir* his *Soul* yet 'scape his *Ire*,
 An *Act* who would not *boast*?
 Knowing no *Mortal* venture might,
 THOUGHT introduce'd a *GHOST*.

The *Night* was as *Corruption* dark,
 Like *Justice* Mankind *slept*;
 When in his L---dp's *working Brain*
 This *dreadful Vision* crept.

C

His

He

His Mind revolving *past Events*,
 His *Conscience*, *Fancy* caught;
 And sudden to his *aching Sight*
 Great *W---m's Shadow* brought.

With awful *Grandeur* stalk'd the *SPRIGT*,
 With *Terror* shook the P—;
 When thus the dread *Harangue* began,
 He *bear'd*, or seem'd to *bear*.

“ O P—y, listen, *W—m* speaks,
 “ To *Him* and *Truth* attend;
 “ Who *living*, still your *Cause* espous'd,
 “ And now in *Death* your *Friend*!

“ How *bright* thy *Thought*, thy *Words* how *free*,
 “ How *upright* seem'd thy *Soul*;
 “ As if no *Hope* thy *Heart* could *seize*,
 “ Nor any *Fear* controul.

“ Why didst thou seem so *wise* and *good*,
 “ And yet but act a *Part*;
 “ Why when applauded for that *Skill*,
 “ Did this not *touch* thy *Heart*?

“ How, once believing *VIRTUE* *fair*,
 “ Be to her *Cause* untrue;
 “ Or *fancy*, after acting thus,
 “ A *Title* was thy *Due*?

“ Why *Justice* seek, why *Fraud* expose,
 “ If this you did not *mean*?
 “ Or having both to *Light* reveal'd,
 “ Why after turn a *SCREEN*?

“ How

" How could you *zealous* seem for *Right*,
 " While meditating *Wrong*;
 " Or how believe an *ill-got Pow'r*
 " Should e'er continue *long*?

" By *Friends* admir'd, by *Nations* lov'd,
 " Like *CATO's*, *P——'s* Name;
 " How could'st Thou slight so *great a Good*,
 " How *fool* away such *Fame*?

" How *sprightly* *ST--PE* could you quit,
 " Deceive the *great ARG--LL*,
 " How cheat the *gen'rous-hearted P---T*,
 " Sir *W——* how *beguile*?

" How *slight* thy *Faith*; how *break* thy *Word*;
 " Thy *Country* how *undo*;
 " Who'd from a *BRITON* this *expect*,
 " Of *BRITON's* *all*, from you?

" Ah *foolish* *Man*, to barter *Fame*
 " For *Titles* tinsel *Grace*!
 " And poorly sell thy *own Desert*,
 " To dignify thy *Race*.

" Yet know, that *this* thou *can'st* not do,
 " 'Tis *Virtue* gives a *Name*;
 " For *Titles*, if they're *basely* got,
 " Are but *entailing Shame*."

The *Cock* had *crow'd*, the *Morning* *dawn'd*,
 - And *Clowns* began to *wake*,
 Before the *Chief* could from his *View*
 This *dreadful Vision* shake.

Then up he *started* from his *Bed*,
 And *hurried* back to *Town*;
 So his *Return* made as much *Noise*
 As did his *going down*.

But tho' his *Body* chang'd its *Place*,
 Yet as arch *Horace* writes,
 His *Mind* was just *still* where it *was*,
 He could not *sleep* a-nights.

He *Bus'ness* hates, forgets his *Post*,
 From *Council* stays away;
 And what made *People* stare at C——,
 He miss'd the ——'s *Birth-day*.

Since then He *sullen* is, or *sad*,
 Of *great Affairs* makes *slight*;
 Talks much of *being* what he *was*,
 And *setting* all things *right*.

Now — preserve our *glorious K——*,
 And send his *Bishops* Grace,
 Keeping *all Lords* for evermore
 From —— unhappy *Cafe*.

*TAR-WATER, a Ballad, Inscribed to the Right
 Honourable PHILIP Earl of Chesterfield.*

SINCE good Master *Prior*,
 The Tar Water 'Squire,
 Without being counted to blame,
 Vulgar Patrons has scorn'd,
 And his Treatise adorn'd
 With the Lustre of *CHESTERFIELD's Name*

Great

Great *Mecenas* of Arts!
 And of all Men of Parts,
 (Tho' they're not much the Growth of this Time)
 I hope 'twill be meet
 To lay at your Feet
 The same lofty Subject in Rhime.

Then come, let us sing!
 Death, a Fig for thy Sting!
 I think we shall serve thee a Trick;
 For the Bishop of *Cloyne*
 Has at last laid a Mine,
 That will blow up both Thee and Old Nick.

Have but Faith in his Treatise,
 Tho' you've Stone, Diabetes,
 Gout, or Fever, Tar-Water's specifick;
 If you're costive, 'twill work;
 If you purge, 'tis a Cork;
 And, if old, it will make you prolifick.

All ye fair ones, who lie sick,
 Leave off Doctors and Physick,
 Tar-Water will cure all your Ails;
 Have you Rheums or Defluxions,
 Or Whims, or Obstructions,
 It will set right your Heads, and your Tails.

See, each tall slender Maid
 Now lifts up her Head,
 Like a beautiful Fir on the Mountain!
 While salubrious flow,
 * From a Fissure below,
 The Streams of a Turpentine Fountain.

* Turpentine, the principal Ingredient in Tar, is thus extracted from the Fir Tree.

Each Nymph from afar
 Is so scented with Tar,
 That, unless they're permitted to feel,
 All the Devils in Hell
 (So alike is the Smell)
 Can't know a ——— from a Cart-Wheel.

Great Physician of State!
 (Tho' call'd in so late
 To a truly well-meant Consultation)
 In this Fever of War,
 Like the Spirit of Tar,
 Thy Skill must preserve this poor Nation.

Tho' now quite exhausted,
 Her Vitals all wasted,
 She's as meagre, and weak as a Lath;
 Yet we hope, that thy Art
 Will recover each Part,
 Without the Assistance of *BATH*.

The HIGHLANDERS FLIGHT.

A new Grubstreet BALLAD.

Vicit Amor Patriæ.

WHEN an ample Relief
 For *Austria's* fair Chief
 At length was decreed by these Islands;
 We summon'd our Force,
 Dragoons, Foot, and Horse,
 And a Regiment fetch'd from the Highlands.

In

In their own Country Plad
 They were cleverly clad,
 And seem'd as well furnish'd for War ;
 That one wou'd have thought,
 They'd as fiercely have fought
 As a *Croat*, *Pandour*, or *Hussar*.

Our Troops crost the Water,
 The K—— follow'd after,
 But the *Highlanders* wou'd not go over ;
 For tho' they all swear,
 Yet none of them care
 To fight for the H—— of H——.

They wou'd not agree
 To crossing the Sea,
 And a doubtful Campaign to go thro' ;
 For receiving their Pay,
 Their Six-pence a Day,
 Was all they thought they must do.

They remember'd A——
 What he did e'er while,
 And they follow'd that Step of his Grace's ;
 Who seeing from far
 That there must be a War,
 Resign'd his Command and his Places.

So when Danger was nigh
 They determin'd to fly,
 And on *England* each Man turn'd his Breech ;
 And with Joy they run home,
 To the Place whence they come,
 To Beggary, Oatmeal, and Itch.

Do

Do our Regents act right,
 Who hinder their Flight,
 And to *Scotland* won't let them repair?
 They are surely too strict,
 For can they inflict
 A worse Punishment than to go there?

O yes, there is one,
 And I wish it was done,
 In spight all S---m---le may say;
 Since they won't march or fight,
 Disband them outright,
 And strip them of Cloaths and of Pay.

We have sometimes been told,
 That the *English* of old
 Have fled from their Enemies Blows;
 But the *Scotch*, for their Glory,
 Are the first in all Story
 That run without seeing their Foes.

What then wou'd they have done
 At the Attack of a Town,
 Where the Bullets or Bombs might have hit 'em
 At the first Walls or Ditches,
 If they'd had any Breeches,
 They certainly wou'd have b-----t 'em.

G-----, stand thy own Friend,
 And never depend
 On such *Jacobite* R-----ls as these are;
 They're for another K----- all,
 And wou'd fly to his Call,
 As *Lepidus'* Troops did to *Cæsar*.

the *FIRE-SIDE: a Pastoral Soliloquy. On the*

E—— of G—— taking the S—ls.

THrice happy, who free from Ambition and Pride,
In a rural Retreat has a quiet *Fire-Side*!
I love my *Fire-Side*, there I long to repair,
And drink a delightful Oblivion of Care:
Oh! when shall I 'scape to be truly my own,
From the Noise, and the Smoke, and the Bustle of Town!
Then I live, then I triumph, whene'er I retire
From the Pomp and Parade that the Many admire:
Hail the Woods and the Lawns, shady Vales, sunny Hills,
And the Warble of Birds, and the Murmur of Rills,
The Flow'rs of all Hues that embroider the Ground,
Flocks feeding, or frisking in Gambols around;
A scene of Joy to behold! Joy, that who would forego,
For the Wealth and the Power a Court can bestow?
I have said it at Home, I have said it Abroad,
That the Town is Man's World, but that this is of God;
Here my Trees cannot flatter, Plants nurs'd by my Care,
Pay with Fruit or with Fragrance, and incense the Air;
Here contemplative Solitude raises the Mind,
Least alone when alone) to Ideas refin'd.
Methinks hid in Groves, which no Sound can invade,
I have when *Philomel* strikes up her sweet Serenade,
Revolve on the Changes and Chances of Things,
Pitying all who submit to be favour'd by K——s.

Now I pass with old *Authors* an indolent Hour,
And reclining at Ease, turn *Demosthenes* o'er:
Now facetious and vacant, I nurse the gay *Flask*
With a sett of old Friends—who have nothing to ask;
Thus happy, I reckon not of *France* or of *Spain*,
Nor the Balance of Power, what Hand shall sustain.

D

The

The *Balance of Power*? Ha! till that is restor'd,
 What solid Delight can Retirement afford?
 Some must be content to be Drudges of State,
 That the Sage may securely enjoy his Retreat.
 In Weather serene, when the Ocean is calm,
 It matters not much who presides at the *Helm*;
 But soon as Clouds gather and Tempests arise,
 Then a *Pilot* there needs; a Man *dauntless and wise*.
 If such can be found, sure HE ought to come forth,
 And lend to the Publick HIS Talents and Worth.
 Whate'er Inclination or Ease may suggest,
 If the State wants HIS Aid, HE has no Claim to Rest.
 But who is the Man, a bad Game to redeem? — —
 HE whom *TURIN* admires, who has *PRUSSIA*'s Esteem,
 Whom the *Spaniards* have felt; & whose Iron with Dread,
 Haughty *LEWIS* saw forging to fall on his Head.
HOLLAND loves HIM, nor less in the *NORTH* all the Pow'rs
 Court, honour, revere; and the *EMPRESS* adores.
 Hark! what was that Sound? for it seem'd more Sublime
 Than befits the low Genius of Pastoral Rhyme:
 Was it *WISDOM* I heard? or can *Fumes of the Brain*
 Cheat my Ears with a Dream? Ha! repeat me the Strain.
 Yes, *WISDOM*, I hear thee; thou deign'st to declare
 ME, ME, the sole *ATLAS* to prop this *whole Sphere*;
 Thy Voice says, or seems in sweet Accents to say,
 Haste, and save sinking *Britain* ——— resign'd, I obey.
 And O! witness ye Powers, that *Ambition* and *Pride*
 Have no Share in this Change --for I love my *Fire-Side*.
 Thus the *SHEPHERD*; then throwing his Crook away, steals
 Direct to St. *JAMES*'s, and takes up the Seals.

An ODE to the Right Honourable STEPHEN POYNTZ
Esq; &c. &c. &c.

*Sensere quid Mens rite, quid Indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset——
Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.*

HOR. Od. IV. Lib. IV.

W Hilst WILLIAM's Deeds and WILLIAM's Praise,
Each *English* Breast with Transport raise,
Each *English* Tongue employ;
Say, POYNTZ, if thy elated Heart
Assumes not a superior Part,,
A larger Share of Joy?

But that thy Country's high Affairs
Employ thy Time, demand thy Cares,
You shou'd renew your Flight;
You only shou'd this Theme pursue——
Who can for WILLIAM feel like You?
Or who like You can write? }

Then to rehearse the Hero's Praise,
To paint this Sunshine of his Days,
The pleasing Task be mine——
To think on all thy Cares o'erpaid,
To view the Hero you have made,
That pleasing Part be thine.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
The youthful Prince's various Worth,
You had the publick Voice;
Wisely his Royal Sire consign'd
To Thee, the Culture of his Mind,
And *England* blest the Choice.

You taught him to be early known
 By Martial Deeds of Courage shewn :
 From this near *Mena's* Flood,
 By his victorious Father led,
 He flesh'd his maiden Sword, He shed,
 And prov'd th' Illustrious Blood.

Of Virtue's various Charms You taught,
 With Happiness and Glory fraught,
 How Her unshaken Pow'r
 Is independent of Success ;
 That no Defeat can make it less,
 No Conquest make it more.

This, after *Tournay's* fatal Day,
 'Midst Sorrow, Cares, and dire Dismay,
 Brought calm, and sure Relief ;
 He scrutiniz'd His noble Heart,
 Found Virtue had perform'd Her Part,
 And peaceful slept the Chief.

From Thee He early learnt to feel
 The Patriot's Warmth for *England's* Weal ;
 (True Valour's noblest Spring)
 To Vindicate Her Church distress'd ;
 To fight for Liberty oppress'd ;
 To perish for his King.

Yet say, if in the fondest Scope
 Of Thought, You ever dar'd to hope
 That bounteous Heav'n so soon
 Would pay thy Toils, reward thy Care,
 Consenting bend to ev'ry Prayer,
 And all thy Wishes crown.

We saw a Wretch, with trait'rous Aid,
 Our King's and Church's Rights invade;
 And thine, Fair Liberty !
 We saw thy Hero fly to War,
 Beat down Rebellion, break her Spear,
 And set the Nations free.

Culloden Field, my glorious Theme,
 My Rapture, Vision, and my Dream,
 Gilds the young Hero's Days :
 Yet can there be one *English* Heart
 That does not give thee, POYNTZ, thy Part,
 And own thy Share of Praise ?

Nor is thy Fame to thee decreed
 For Life's short Date : When WILLIAM's Head,
 For Victories to come,
 The frequent Laurel shall receive ;
 Chaplets for Thee our Sons shall weave,
 And hang 'em on thy Tomb.

EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE, on the Suppression
 of the Rebellion. Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in
 the Character of the COMIC MUSE, Nov. 4. 1746.

BRITONS, once more in annual Joy we meet
 This genial Night in Freedom's fav'rite Seat:
 And o'er the * two great Empires still I reign,
 Of *Covent-Garden*, and of *Drury-Lane*.
 But ah ! what Clouds o'er all our Realms impended !
 Our Ruin artless Prodigies portended.

* The Two Great Empires of the World I know,
 This of PERU, and That of MEXICO. *Indian Emperor.*

Chains,

Chains, real Chains, our Heroes had in View,
 And Scenes of mimic Dungeons chang'd to true.
 An equal Fate the Stage and *Britain* dreaded,
 Had *Rome's* young Missionary Spark succeeded.
 But Laws and Liberties are trifling Treasures ;
 He threatn'd that grave Property, your Pleasures.

For Me, an idle Muse, I ne'er dissembled
 My Fears ; but e'en my Tragic Sister trembled :
 O'er all her Sons She cast her mournful Eyes,
 And heav'd her Breast more than Dramatic Sighs ;
 To Eyes well-tutor'd in the Trade of Grief,
 She rais'd a small and well-lac'd Handkerchief ;
 And then with decent Pause—and Accent broke,
 Her buskin'd Progeny the Dame bespoke :
 “ Ah ! Sons, † our Dawn is overcast, and all
 “ Theatric Glories nodding to their Fall ;
 “ From foreign Realms a bloody Chief is come,
 “ Big with the Work of Slav'ry and of *Rome*.
 “ A general Ruin on his Sword He wears,
 “ Fatal alike to Audience and to Play'rs.
 “ For ah ! my Sons, what Freedom for the Stage,
 “ When Bigotry with Sense shall Battle wage ?
 “ When Monkish Laureats only wear the Bays,
 “ * Inquisitors Lord Chamberlains of Plays,
 “ Plays shall be damn'd that scap'd the Critic's Rage,
 “ For Priests are still worse Tyrants to the Stage.
 “ *Cato*, receiv'd by Audiences so gracious,
 “ Shall find ten *Cæsars* in one St. *Ignatius* :
 “ And godlike *Brutus* here shall meet again
 “ His Evil Genius in a *Capuchin*.

† The Dawn is overcast, the Morning lours,
 And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
 The great, th' important Day, big with the Fate
 Of CATO and of ROME. CATO.

* CIBBER preside Lord Chancellor of Plays. POPE.

“ For

" For Herefy, the Fav'rites of the Pit
 " Must burn, and excommunicated Wit;
 " And at one Stake We shall behold expire
 " My *Anna Bullen*, and the *Spanish Fryar*.

" Ev'n † *Tamerlane*, whose fainted Name appears
 " Red-letter'd in the Calendar of Play'rs,
 " Oft as these festal Rites attend the Morn
 " Of Liberty restor'd, and WILLIAM born——
 " But at *that* Name, what Transports flood my Eyes,
 " What golden Vision's This I see arise?
 " What Youth is He with comliest Conquest crown'd,
 " His warlike Brow with full-blown Laurels bound?
 " What Wreaths are These that Vict'ry dares to join,
 " And blend with Trophies of my fav'rite *Boyn*?
 " Oh! if the Muse can happy aught presage,
 " Of new Deliv'rance to the State and Stage;
 " If not untaught the Characters to spell
 " Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;
 " * *Thou* shalt be WILLIAM——like the last, design'd
 " The Tyrant's Scourge, and Blessing of Mankind;
 " Born, civil Tumult and blind Zeal to quell,
 " That teaches happy Subjects to rebell.
 " *Nassau* himself but half our Vows shall share,
 " Divide our Incense and divide our Pray'r;
 " And oft as *Tamerlane* shall lend his Fame
 " To shadow *His*, thy rival Star shall claim
 " || Th' ambiguous Laurel and the doubtful Name.

† TAMERLANE is always acted on the 4th and 5th of November,
 the Anniversaries of King WILLIAM's Birth and Landing.

* *Tu Marcellus eris.*

VIR.

|| *Conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maron's*

Alfisoni dubiam facientia Carmina Palmam. JUV.

An

An ODE to Sir C—— H—— W——.

DEAR merry Knight, whose sportive Vein
 Makes am'rous Duchesses complain,
 While Peers stand titt'ring by :
 Now since you've fairly crack'd your Jest,
 And *Pegasus* retires to rest,
 Permit me to reply.

And trust me, *Charles*, no real Muse
 Such groveling Pertness e'er could use,
 To help a lame Invention :
 Virgins are always something shy,
 And Language that charms *H---b---y*,
 Their Lips disdain to mention.

But since you've found this easier Road
 To furnish out a wanton Ode,
 I'll readily submit :

Where *Drury's* Dames the Lays inspire,
 Smut shall be stil'd Poetick Fire,
 And Bawdry shine for Wit.

Besides, these Nymphs are ready still
 Your every Pleasure to fulfil,
 And ne'er with Coyness teize ye :
 But shy *Apollo's* tuneful Train,
 Are skittish, fanciful, and vain,
 And oft refuse to ease ye.

Prudent thy Deed then, gentle Knight,
 Such squeamish Goddesses to flight,
 Since *N---d---m's* serve as well :
 Their Inspirations raise the Song,
 As loud, as lofty, and as long,
 As thy own Odes can tell.

How

AN
 But con
 To mak
 Do'st sti
 Which

How sweet thy Strains on Master *Prior*,
Of *Dublin Town*, Tar-Water 'Squire,
When pleas'd thy Verse reveals
Each Female Fissure from below,
Whence fragrant Steams abundant flow,
Resembling *Carmen's Wheels*!

Equal thine Odes, courageous Knight,
Where the fair *Duchess* feels thy Spight,
For yielding to be blest'd :

How keen thy pointed Satire shines!
While Virtue swells the flowing Lines,
In native Beauty dress'd.

Hence then, *Apollo*, with your Skill,
Your Nine, your Fountain, and your Hill,
And learn your future Distance:
Without such Aids our Verses flow,
As *Charles's* Strains and these may show,
If *N---d---m* deigns Assistance.

But *Hussey*, frowning, shakes his Cane,
And *Charles* flies trembling o'er the Main,
At *Berlin* long to tarry :
Oh *GEORGE*, if Pertness have the Power
To make *him* rise Ambassadour,
Let *me* be Secretary !

VERSES written at BATH.

Inscrib'd to A——— H———, Esq;

AN ancient Sage, in Rules of Wisdom vers'd,
Justly prescrib'd Self-Knowledge as the first.
But conscious Thou, what Penance it must cost,
To make Acquaintance with a Soul so lost,
Do'st still the salutary Science shun,
Which my officious Zeal, at length, makes known.

E

Scorn'd

How

Scorn'd by the Wise, detested by the Good,
 Nor understanding aught, nor understood ;
 Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert,
 Proud without Spirit, vain without Desert ;
 Affecting Passions, Vice has long subdu'd,
 Desperately gay, and impotently lewd ;
 And when thy weak Companions round Thee sit,
 For Eminence in Folly, deem'd a Wit !

A——H——, *Esq;* his Answer written by Himself.

WHoe'er you are, who with such Warmth upbraid
 Poor injur'd Virtue's unavailing Aid,
 That preach Reflection to a Wretch undone,
 And, whilst you lash my Folly, shew your own ;
 Know, that I pity your successless Zeal,
 Nor form'd by Nature, nor inclin'd to feel ;
 I see myself ; but to what Purpose see?
 Deaf to all Truth and Sense, as Sense to me !
 Still may you mark my Errors, still reprove,
 As impotent in Hate, as I in Love :
 I stand but singly, stigmatiz'd by Thee,
 But Man himself is satiriz'd in Me ;
 I laugh at all your Vengeance can impart,
 You'd change my Countenance, e'er change my Heart ;
 Nor care I, by what Rules my Deeds you scan,
 Alike the Reprobate of God and Man.

A D R E A M.

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
 Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
 I calmly slept, and straight Love to me brought
 PHILLIS, the Object of my waking Thought.
 Undrest she came, my Flames to meet,
 Whilst Love strow'd Flow'rs before her Feet,
 Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.

From

From the bright Vision's Head
 Her Veil of Lawn was loosely spread.
 From her white Temples fell her shady Hair,
 Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair.
 Her Hands and Lips did Love inspire,
 Her every Grace my Heart did fire,
 But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.

' O cruel Fair, said I,
 How long will you my Bliss and yours deny ?
 By Love, this lonely melancholy Shade
 Was for Revenge of suff'ring Lovers made.
 ' Silence and Shade with Love agree,
 ' Both shelter you and favour me;
 You cannot blush, because I cannot see.'

" No, let me die, she said,
 Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid."
 Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while
 She bid me not believe her, with a Smile.
 ' Then die,' said I: she still deny'd.
 " And is it right thus, thus, she cry'd,
 To use an harmless Maid?" and so she dy'd.

I wak'd, and straight I knew
 I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true.
 My Nymphet, the kinder Mistress of the two,
 My Nymphet has done what PHILLIS wou'd not do.
 O charming Nymph! see your Disdain;
 Whilst I can dream, you scorn in vain,
 Sleep or waking you must ease my Pain.

AUSTRIA'S DELIVERANCE.

To the Author's Friend in the Country.

WHether beneath some spreading Poplar laid,
 You sigh to Zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the Shade;
 Or wrapt in Thought along some silver Stream,
 Indulge thy Love, and mourn the perjur'd Dame;
 Shake off th' inglorious Burthen from thy Soul,
 Shall Love's Delusions Virtue's Pow'r controul?
 Rouze from thy Sloth, and hear the Muse who sings
 The Praise of *Britain*, and the best of Kings.

Long had proud *France* beheld with envious Eyes
 On *Britain's* Arms the *Austrian* Eagle rise,
 Her Schemes defeated, and her Troops repell'd,
 Her Hopes of universal Sway dispell'd;
 Yet forc'd to Peace, not daring to oppose
 Or rouze the Fury of her pow'rful Foes,
 In gloomy Care and Discontent she fate,
 Watching to seize some happier Hour of Fate.

At length the wish'd-for time she thought was come,
 To strike the Blow, and finish *Austria's* Doom;
 Now *Charles* by Death was ravish'd from the Throne,
 And left *Maria* envy'd, and alone:
 Alone *Maria* stood, hemm'd round with Foes!
Bavaria's here, there *Prussia's* Standard rose;
 With these *Hispania's* haughty Threat'nings join,
 And all their Pow'rs, to ruin One combine;
 While *France*, who long in treach'rous Silence lay,
 Sprung forth to seize, and share th' expected Prey.

As some fierce Lion in the Hunter's Snare
 Entangled, bears the complicated War,
 Wounding and wounded, struggling to be free,
 And more than Death disdaining Slavery:

Now when his Hopes of Life are at an End,
 Shou'd some amazing Aid from Heav'n descend,
 Dissolve the Charm, and loose his cruel Ties,
 With great Revenge upon his Foes he flies;
 Tim'rous they run, or stand his Rage in vain,
 Torn Limbs and mangled Bodies strew the Plain.

So Heav'n decreed; and mighty *George* arose,
 And loos'd *Maria's* Vengeance on her Foes.
 Heav'n's chosen Instrument, was *George's* Arm;
 And *Dettingen* beheld, dissolv'd the Charm.

But say, my Muse, what Numbers can display
 The Thousand Wonders of that glorious Day?
 Explore thy Magazine of Thought, and bring
 Some Image worthy of *Britannia's* King.
 Oh set the mighty Hero in my View!
 The highest Praise will be to paint him true.

Britannia's peaceful Shore behold him leave,
 Resolv'd endanger'd Majesty to save;
 Thro' Toils and Perils wing his eager Way,
 Tho' few attend, impatient of Delay;
 Tho' few attend, their honest Love he knows,
 Nor fears to meet a Multitude of Foes.

He leads, and *Britons* follow to the *Mayne*,
 Where *Gallia's* num'rous Squadrons hide the Plain;
 Her bravest Sons, and such as Fame must own,
 Could yield to *GEORGE* and *Britain's* Arms alone.

Ill-fated, perjur'd *Gallia!* canst thou dare
 Again to meet thy Conquerors in War?
 Hast thou forgot how *Blenheim's* sanguine Plain,
 Made *Ister's* Waves roll purple to the Main?
 Cannot thy Wounds scarce heal'd, at *Taniers* felt,
 Or *Ramillies*, thy fierce Ambition melt?

Or

Or can thy Hero, thy *Noailles* do more
 Than poor *Tallard*, or *Villeroy* before?
 Shall *Marlborough's* Name affright thy wounded Ear,
 Yet *GEORGE's* Presence fail to make thee fear?
 But soon thy rash Presumption thou shalt know,
 And learn to tremble at the mighty Foe.

Hark! the loud Cannons thund'ring from afar,
 Begin to speak the Horror of the War;
 In deep Array the boasted Strength of *France*,
 Troops of bold Youths, in awful Pomp advance;
 Proud of their Numbers, they securely go,
 And Thought already prostrate paints the Foe.
 Unhappy Men! retire ere 'tis too late,
 Nor madly tempt the Malice of your Fate.
 In vain hereafter shall all *Gallia* mourn,
 And wish (alas, too late!) for your Return.

For now the *Britons* kindling into Rage,
 Rush to the Charge, and Lion-like engage.
 The dreadful War in all its Fury burns:
 Battalions give and meet Repulse by turns;
 Each fights, as if to end the glorious Toil,
 Was his alone, and Worlds the Victor's Spoil.
 See the brave Youths pierce thro' the hottest Fire,
 And Crowds envelop'd in the Smoke expire.
 Guns, Drums, and Trumpets rend the vaulted Skies,
 And drown Ten Thousand bleeding Heroes Cries.

'Twas then, great *Cumberland*, thy gen'rous Breast,
 Amongst the fiercest Ranks of Danger prest.
 Like the young Eagle's flam'd thy native Fire,
 To imitate the Glory of thy Sire;
 A Thousand winged Fates around thee fly;
 A Thousand bleeding Victims round thee die:
 Yet nought cou'd stop the Fury of thy Speed,
 Tho' *France* exulted to behold thee bleed.

You

You bled, great Prince! but yet how calm, how well
 You bore your Soul, young *Fenelon* can tell,
 When nobly pitying his illustrious Woe,
 You in the Hero quite forgot the Foe.
 High rag'd the furious Fight, they slay, are slain,
 And vast promiscuous Carnage heaps the Plain:
 Here *British* Troops victorious scour the Field;
 And there to *Gallic* Numbers almost yield.
 What Eye beholds the Wreck, and can forbear
 To pay the Brave a tributary Tear?
 With Grief, illustrious *Honeywood*, I see,
 The Patriot and the Hero fall'n in thee.
 Here bleeding *Clayton* welters on the Ground,
 And his brave Soul comes rushing thro' the Wound.
 Oh cease, my Muse, such Horrors to pursue,
 And chuse some Scene more pleasing to the View!

Where now is GEORGE? behold the Hero near,
 And *Gallia's* Hopes soon chang'd to black Despair;
 O'er all the Scenes of Death revolves his Soul,
 And in one Prospect comprehends the Whole:
 His Aids where wanted, timely interpose,
 And turn the Tide of Battle on his Foes:
 Himself amidst the thickest Dangers springs:
 (Does Death revere the Majesty of Kings?)
 Transported *Britons* view him with Amaze,
 And only with redoubled Efforts praise:
 Borne down at once by their impetuous Course,
 The *Gauls* no longer can withstand their Force:
 Broken and scatter'd o'er the Field they fly,
 And pierc'd with Wounds behind, ignobly die.

So some proud Oak, which eminently stood,
 And shadow'd all the Plain, (itself a Wood)
 Laughs at the Fury of conflicting Storms,
 Which Ocean, Earth and Heav'n itself deforms:
 But shou'd the rapid Light'ning from above,
 Shot from the flaming Arm of angry *Jove*,

Dart

Dart on his Side, unequal to the Stroke,
Torn from the Roots, and all his Vigour broke,
Dying he falls, and o'er the Earth are spread
The hapless Honours of his blasted Head.

From Realm to Realm now flies the Victor's Fame,
And distant Foes grow Cowards at his Name:
The glorious Deed inspires his great Ally;
She springs to War, and all before her fly.
Nor longer now she guards a doubtful Throne;
Her Rivals learn to tremble for their own.

Such Joys great GEORGE's Friendship can bestow,
Then think what Blessings on *Britannia* flow.
So high He makes her Happiness arise,
Conquest and Glory are Her smallest Joys.
From Him Domestick Peace, Wealth, Freedom spring;
And All revere the Father in the King.

STELLA's DEATH,

A Pastoral Essay writ in the Year 1744. To a Lady.

*What is our Bliss, that changeth with the Moon;
And Day of Life, that darkens ere 'tis Noon?*

PRIOR.

DAPHNE and GALATEA.

- D. **W**HY loosely flow those Tresses of Despair?
Why heaves that Bosom with unusual Care?
Can Love, fond Tyrant, lead the mazy Chace?
Or mourn'st thou dearer Friendship's lost Embrace?
- G. The last, good *Daphne* — yet my Presence leave,
Alone sad *Galatea* asks to grieve,
Unseen, unheard, to give the lab'ring Sigh,
And ope the tearful Sluices of the Eye.

D. And

D. And would'st Thou thy Pains from *Daphne* hide?
Shall *Daphne* meanly but thy Joys divide?

No, by the Nights in harmless Mirth we spent,
Whilst in the Folds our fleecy Care were pent;
By all the soft and tender Things we said,
When late we trod the Thought-inspiring Shade;
By all our Hopes, by all our Loves and Fears,
I cannot, will not quit thee thus in Tears!

F. Too friendly Fair! tho' here 'tis mine to mourn,
'Twere Crime in thee to weep before thy turn;
Go then, nor know for whom I now complain,
Go, lest thy Lambkins call for Help in vain!
Death, cruel Death! his Shafts at random flings—
Alas, the dread Vicissitude of Things!

D. To me more sad thy trembling Accents seem,
Than the dull Murmur of the Wood-land Stream,
Than Winds that whistle thro' th' enchanted Dome,
Than Midnight Dirges round the dreary Tomb.

F. Peace, gentle *Daphne*! ———

D. ——— Oh severe Request!

Can *Daphne* live a Stranger to thy Breast?
Toss'd like the Bark by Sorrow's doubtful Gale,
A World of Tears, a World of Pangs prevail,
The Rock beneath, the Tempest still behind,
Rise to my View, and gather in my Mind.

F. What else but Trouble can'st thou hope below?
At best a darkling Labyrinth of Woe.

The Blaze may scorch thee, or the Floods o'erpow'r,
Nay, where thou stand'st may open and devour.

D. Forbid, ye Angels, what her Griefs impart,
And beam th'enliv'ning Rapture o'er her Heart!

F. Does genial Spring it's kindly Influence shed,
And call the slumb'ring Tendril from its Bed?
Gay nature's Hand the blushing Flow'r unfold,
Give the Blue cast, or tinge it o'er with Gold?
Does the wide Wood a waving Green display,
And all the fair Expansion smile with Day?

- Do these, dear *Daphne*, bid thee bless thy Hour?
 Thou dost but grasp a Vision for a Flow'r.
 Death, clad like Winter, spoils the beauteous Scene
 The breathing Tendril, and the waving Green.
- D. Dire chance of Life! ———
- G. ——— Ah! what is Life indeed?
 Approach yon awful Monument, and read.
- D. Peace to the Tomb! ——— a peaceful Wish, or two,
 Is all we can bestow, ——— and all that's due.
 Whate'er the Ashes ——— or of Age or Youth,
 Whate'er th' Inscription ——— Flattery or Truth.
- G. The Tale is *Stella's* ———
- D. ——— Heaven's! cou'd *Stella* die,
 And I nor Balm, nor cooling Draught supply?
 Where was I when the asking Glance she threw?
 Where, when I shou'd have giv'n the last *Adieu*?
- G. What Things were wanting to her Aid we brought
 The Couch we crouded, and the Look we caught;
 For her unceasing importun'd the Skies,
 And gently clos'd the dear-departing Eyes.
- D. Was she not harmless as the harmless Dove?
 Belov'd and loving as the Choirs above?
 Form'd for Delight by Nature's happiest Care?
 As Fair as Graceful, Elegant as Fair?
- G. Less wish'd, less welcome was the dawning Day;
 Less bright the Lilly in its best Array;
 Less chaste the Whiteness of unsully'd Snows;
 Less mild the balmy-breathing Breeze that blows.
- D. Who cou'd like Her the Social Hour prolong,
 Warm with a Smile, or rapture with a Song?
 On golden Wings the blissful Moments flew;
 Nor Summer's Heat, nor Winter's Cold we knew.
- G. 'Twas one bright Scene of Sun-shine in the Mind —
 Alas, that now the sad Reverse we find!
 On ev'ry Hand cold sickly Damps invade,
 And one dead Horror lengthen's ev'ry Shade;
- While

Whilst all despair, the dreary Scenes among,
Tbames sorrowing rolls his drowzy Tide along.

D. Wide and more wide, ye Streams, your Woes declare!

G. Old *Ocean*, bear them fast as Waves can bear!

D. Attend and learn, ye Savage, to complain!

G. Bow down, ye Forests, with a Load of Pain!

D. The World before a greater Loss ne'er found.

G. The World before ne'er felt so great a Wound.

CHORUS.

Attend and learn, ye Savage, to complain,

And bow, ye Forests, with a Load of Pain!

The World before a greater Loss ne'er found,

The World before ne'er felt so great a Wound.

R.

The SWEET WILLIAM.

Semper apud nos

lunera sint Lauri, et suave rubens Hyacinthus.

THE Pride of France is Lilly white,

The Rose in June is Jacobite,

The prickly Thistle of the Scot

Is Northern Knighthood's Badge and Lot;

But, since the Duke's victorious Blows,

The Lilly, Thistle, and the Rose

All droop and fade, all dye away,

Sweet William only rules the Day—

No Plant with brighter Lustre grows,

Except the Laurel on his Brows,

F 2

That

That ever-living Wreath of Fame,
To spread and keep the HERO's Name.

BRITONS, the tarnish'd *Rose* detest,
And stick *Sweet William* in your Breast ;
'Tis *English* Growth, of beauteous Hue,
Cloath'd like his Guards, in Red and Blue,
From Parent-root it Strength and Vigour drew.
'Tis full of Spirit, Bloom and Sweet,
Thence represents the DUKE compleat——
The factious *Rose* in pieces tear,
And this more charming Nosegay wear:
Sweet William is the darling Theme,
'Tis this deserves the World's Esteem——

A Knight of *Bath* on gaudy Days
The silver'd Star and String displays:
Let this fine *Flow'r* be ever worn,
And *William's* Two * bright Days adorn :
The one to Life the HERO brought,
The next a glorious Conquest wrought——

His *natal Day*, the Battle-Eve,
When *William's* Valour all retriev'd,
Shall *June's* fictitious *Birth-day* sink,
And make both *Rose* and *Lilly* stink——

* The 15th of *April* was the Duke's Birth-day, and the 16th
Day of the Victory at *Culloden*.

*An Appeal from the late DAVID MORGAN, Esq;
Barrister at Law, to the good People of England;
against a late scurrilous Paper, entitled, A faithful
Narrative of the Wonderful and Surprising Ap-
pearance of Counsellor MORGAN's Ghost, &c.*

*Nos animæ viles inhumata, infletaque turba,
Sternamur campis*_____

VIR.

AFTER the painful and publick Death that I suffer'd upon *Kennington-Common*, I did flatter myself that all Punishment upon Earth was at an End; but it adds to the Torments I now feel, to find my Persecution still carried on, and the little Character I left behind me, as an Author and Man of Parts, vilified and depreciated by a stupid nonsensical Speech printed in my Name, and said to have been delivered by me to my Brethren and old Companions, the Independent Electors of the City of *Westminster*.

I don't deny in the least that I was at their Meeting, and that I made them a Speech; so far is true; but that I made *that* Speech, is false.

I had not been long in t'other World before I wished myself on Earth again. I asked Leave to return for one Night, which at first was deny'd me; but upon my saying, I only intended to go up to our Monthly Meeting, *Beelzebub* gave me Leave at once, and said, I could not go into better Company, and bid me desire them to return my Visit as soon as possible, for that he expected them all with Impatience.

Now to prevent all Misrepresentations that have been, or shall be made of my Journey, I will here set down every Particular that happen'd to me during my last Stay upon Earth, which I have made Oath of in the most solemn Manner before the Ghost of the late Justice *Hall*, and which my old Friend Alderman B——r has promised to get privately printed, and hawked about the Streets.

After

After I had gathered up my Limbs, and put on my Head, I began my Journey. It was natural for me to have come into the World at the Place I went out of it; but for some private Reasons, I had such an Aversion to the County of *Surrey*, and the Juries thereof, that I bent my Course quite another Way, and made my first Appearance out of *Fleet Ditch*. I did intend to have made my first Visits to the Lord May—r and Sir *John B——*; but when I reflected on their late Behaviour, and how much I have been deceived in them, and hearing that they had both been to wait upon Prince *William of Hanover*, with his Freedom of the City of *London*, I resolved not to let them have the Honour of my appearing in their Houses, nor will I ever set the Ghost of my Foot within their Doors whilst I am a dead Man. My first Visit was therefore paid to that true Patriot Mr. Ald—n B——, to whom I had many Compliments and Services from the late Sir R—— G——, Ald—n B——, and Ald—n P——s.

From thence I went to see that learned and worthy Gentleman, who sent the three loyal Lords that Plea which did them no Service. After that, I called upon a good Friend and Countryman of mine, who lately made so great a Figure in the *Middlesex* Grand Jury. As I was going out of his House, I met with the active Mr. C——, who asked me a great many Questions about the Devil, and desired me to tell him, that he was very sorry the Parliament sat so long, that he could not have the Happiness of seeing him at his House in the Country this Summer. His Friend Mr. S—— was with him; but upon hearing me name the Place from whence I came, he ran away with the utmost Precipitation. From thence I went through *Clare-Market* to make a Visit to my old Friend Orator H——; but in crossing the Market, I was terribly frighten'd at a Face, which I was sure I had seen before, and up—

on

on Recollection, knew him to be one of the Duke of N——'s Butchers, who was an Assistant to *Jack Ketch* at my Execution.

I found the Orator at Home, who seemed a little surpriz'd to see me; but when I told him the Name of the Place from whence I was just arrived, he reply'd with a Smile, that he thought Hanging had spoiled People's joking; but at last, by a certain Smell I had about me, and some Secrets which I whisper'd in his Ear, I fully convinced him there was such a Place. Immediately upon this his Countenance alter'd; he turn'd pale, looked full of Horror, fell into an Agony, and dropped down before me. My Time being short, I did not stay to take Care of him, I knew I should soon see him again; either the next Time I came into the World, or when I went Home at Night.

I now resolv'd to go directly to the Club. — As I walked along the Streets, I met Mr. T—— the Council, Mr. R——s the Solicitor, Mr. *Mackdonald*, Mr. *Macpherson*, Mr. *Macgregor*, Mr. *Mackenzie*, Mr. *Cameron*, Mr. *Erskine*, Mr. *Fraiser*, and Mr. *Murray*, all Gentlemen of unshaken Loyalty, and undoubted Affection to the Royal Family. I had not Time for much Conversation with them; so I only told them where I lived, that I was glad to see them, and that I hoped we should all meet together one Time or another.

Being arrived at the *Standard Tavern*, I went directly up into the *Club-Room*. The Confusion I put my Friends into, is inexpressible. Mr. G—— ran up the Chimney, and spoiled a new Suit of Cloaths, which his Taylor had trusted him for upon the Strength of his *Continuation of Ropin*. Mr. J——s was leaping out of the Window, when I caught him by the Skirt of his Coat and saved him. Upon which I thought his Friend Mr. C—— looked a little out of Humour, because it deprived him of his Fee for letting him Blood.

Mr.

Mr. B——n, the Grocer, fainted away; but I ran to him, and embraced him, which had the same Effect upon him as burning a Match under his Nose, and he immediately came to himself. Mr. S——l, the Wool-len-Draper, jumped down all the Stairs at one Leap, ran into the Street without his Hat, and appeared no more among us that Night; but I have since heard that he was so frighten'd as not to know what he did, so he went directly to Sir T——s D—V——l, and took the Oaths. Mr. Wb——d and Mr. C——y were at first under great Astonishment; but upon perceiving that I had neither a Greyhound upon my Breast, nor a Writ in my Hand, they soon recovered themselves, and drank my Health very civilly in a Bumper. They then address'd themselves to the rest of the Company, desiring them to return to their Places, and pointed to Mr. S——l's empty Chair for me to sit down in, which I did; and after having drank to them all in a large Glas of Water (which was very acceptable to me) I spoke to them in the following Manner:

Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Patriots,

IT is with the greatest Truth that I can assure you that the Passions which govern Men while they are alive, attend them in the Grave; and tho' my being hanged prevents my being any longer an *Independent* Elector, yet I still have the Welfare of this honourable Society as much at Heart, as when I suffered with so much Constancy in it's glorious Cause. — I suppose I now can be no longer suspected of want of Steadiness to your Interests; for tho' most of you have deserved it, as well as myself, yet I am the only one of this Club who have hitherto met with a just Reward. But don't despair — the Goodness of our Laws, the Justice of the Prince who now sits upon the Throne, and your own Merits, may in Time accomplish it.

The

The ancient and loyal Kingdom of *Scotland* will, I can assure you, e'er long, furnish you with another Opportunity of exerting that Zeal, which you lately with such great Difficulty restrained; for tho' it is the Nursery, yet I hope it is not the Grave of Rebellion; and believe me, when I tell you, that at this very Instant Prince *Charles* is much stronger, and has more Followers with Him, than when He first landed in that Kingdom.

Sanguis Martyrum Semen Ecclesiæ, is a known and allowed-of Maxim in the Church; the Blood of Patriots is as strong, and as certain in the State. What may not we then expect from the Battle of *Culloden*? What strong Party must arise from the Numbers which have since been destroyed all over the Highlands? and what Success may not our Sovereign promise to himself, from the general Devastation the Laws are now making among his Friends in *England*? Upon this Principle, Gentlemen, reflect with what Vigour you ought to go on — Are you, Mr. B — — n, any longer afraid of the Gallows? Should you, Mr. J — — s, be in the least sorry to be hanged — ? Would not Mr. G — — y rejoice at a Sentence of Death? And would not Mr. F — — r, the Apothecary's Head, look down from Temple-Bar with Pleasure upon his Friends below? For my own Part, I am free to declare that it is my steadfast Opinion, that if every Member of this Assembly were to be executed To-morrow, it would be the happiest Day, except that of *Culloden*, that *Great Britain* in general, or the City of *Westminster* in particular, ever saw.

And yet I must own, that when my Dead Warrant came down, I began to repent that I had joined his M — — y's Troops so early, and that I did not follow your Advice, Mr. W — — d, not to go into 'em till they were actually arriv'd in this City: but how soon was his Opinion altered, and with what Pleasure did I look Death in the Face, when I reflected how Odious my State would make the Elector of *Hanover*! because his

G

meanest

The

... pension'd Flatterers could not deny, but that his hanging me was an Attack upon the Law, which they have hitherto boasted to have been the constant Rule and Measure of his Government.

But there is one Thing, Gentlemen, that sits heavy upon my Mind, and for which you Mr. J——s, and you Mr. W——d, and you Mr. C——y, are in mine and in the Opinion of all our Friends below, very much to blame; you have been careless in your Province, you have neglected your several Duties, you have suffer'd our old Allies the Mob to return to their right Senses. It is owing to you, and to you only, that they love and adore the House of *Hanover*; that they look upon the Elector as the Father of his Country, and his numerous Offspring as their best Support. Why do they follow Prince *William* with Eagerness and unespoken Acclamations, blessing the Ground he treads upon, and pursuing Him with the heartiest Wishes for the Continuance of his Health, Happiness, and Glory? How came you to let them learn his justly-acquired Title of their DELIVERER? And lastly, what Madness possess you, when you suffered them to be convinc'd that their Religion and Liberties might be safe in the Hands of a free Parliament and a Protestant Prince!

How would you have laugh'd at me formerly, if I had but suspected that the City of *London* would have exerted itself in so many effectual Ways, as it has done, for the Support of our Enemies? How would Mr. C——y have ridiculed me, if I had prophesied that the Parish of *St. Martin's in the Fields* would have levied Men at their own Expence, for the Defence of the present Government? and what would Mr. W——d have said to me, if I had told him *St. Paul's Covent Garden* would have rais'd Soldiers against their lawful P——? YET ALL THESE THINGS ARE SO.

Did not you promise me, Gentlemen, after the Battle of *Dettingen*, that the Detestation of the Name of

an *Hanoverian* should be general, and not admit of ONE Exception? Did not you assure me, that the Electoral Troops should never more be taken into *British* Pay? and notwithstanding all this, did not I live to see this Nation unanimously desiring not only to have them in their Pay, but to have them brought over, even into *England* itself, to put an End to that Struggle for Liberty which every one of you fomented, and I died for?

And now, Gentlemen, having laid before you the dismal Scene of your Affairs, I must tell you, that I am come armed with fresh Matter (false as the Place I am come from) for you to work upon: and unless my Lessons are diligently follow'd, and practised with Success, this Nation is ruined, and this Assembly no longer of any Effect—— But so well laid is my Plan, that if it does not succeed, Lies must have lost their Force, and Scandal is no longer acceptable; Truth must prevail, and the *Hanover* Family be establish'd upon the *British* Throne till Time shall be no more.

Begin then with Prince *William*, (as you did with his Father after his late Victory over the *French*) by affirming that He was not at the Battle of *Culloden*, and that the Success of that Day was solely owing to the *Argyleshire* Men; that Highlanders only can deal with Highlanders; that the young *Hanoverian* was partial to the *Scotch* to the highest Degree; that He made a Treaty with his Ma——'s Garrison of *Carlisle*, by which they were to be considered as Prisoners of War; that he broke it afterwards in the most infamous Manner; swear that you have seen a Copy of that Treaty; insist upon it that the Numbers destroyed at *Culloden* were poor and ignorant, tho' brave Men, that meant no Harm to the Government, but lay'd down their Arms upon the first Approach of the *German* Army, and were all murdered in cold Blood. That since, by Orders from above, Prince *William* has massacred every Woman and Child in the Highlands; that he spared none but such as were Subjects of

the King of *France*; that he loves Foreigners, that he robs his own Soldiers of their Pay, that he sells all the vacant Commissions, that the Army detests Him, and that He himself is a Coward.

On the other side, Prince C——s's Character wants Support, and must be raised. Labour this Point, trumpet forth his Victories at *Preston-Pans* and *Falkirk*; in short, do for Him all you did for Ad——-I V——-n; for in his Case you convinced the World, by your superior Abilities, that a Hero might be made without the help of Fighting.

But as *Englishmen* have long been frighten'd with the Power, Persecution and Cruelty of the Church of *Rome*, and as his R——-H—— has been suspected (without any Foundation except his Education) of leaning towards that Religion, it is my Advice that you should confidently declare to the most Sincere, Zealous, and Devout of our High-church Friends (in order to ingratiate Him thoroughly with Them) that he is so far from being a *Roman Catholick*, that He is of no Religion at all.

It has been also insinuated, that the *Stuart* Family always affected Absolute Power, and that it is probable this young P—— would tread in the Steps of his Forefathers. The Answer to this is very short: Defy the most malicious of his Enemies to produce one Instance, before his late landing in *Scotland*, of his having exercised the least Degree of Arbitrary Power, or any other Power whatsoever since he was born. Paint him forth in the mildest Colours; declare that you are certain that he is of a sweet and gentle Disposition; that all the Acts of Barbarity committed by his Troops in *Scotland* or *England* were done without his Knowledge, and against his Consent; but above all, stiffly deny that he ever issued Orders to give no Quarter to the Troops sent against him; and knock any Man down, that presumes to say, that he ever agreed to murder all the En-

gliff Prisoners at *Inverness* the Day before the Battle of *Culloden*.

The next Thing you have to do, is, to point out the Advantages that will accrue to this Kingdom by the *S——t* Family's being restored to their Rights: And this may be done very briefly, by affirming, that if They were upon the Throne, *France* would immediately grant us a Safe and Honourable Peace; that the grievous Burthen of Taxes would at once be taken off; and that we should be eased of the heavy Load of the National Debt, by a Sponge.

These are the few Hints I had to throw out, which I now leave to your fertile Brains to improve; they are sufficient for this time; and when you have convinced the People of these plain Propositions, you may depend upon seeing me again, laden with fresh Instructions.

But should you fail in these first Attempts, which I think next to impossible, then all we have hitherto done is vain; vain was the *Westminster* Election itself! And Death having remov'd the Mists from before my Eyes, I now see clearly that that noble Struggle did not fully answer the Ends we designed it for; nay, that the Fall of *Sir R. W.* was not altogether so beneficial to the Nation, or to Ourselves, as we expected; and I am certain that *Sir Charles Wager* was as knowing, as brave, and as generous, tho' not so rich a Man as *A——l V——n*; that *L——d S——n* lives full as well, and is full as wise, as *Mr. E——*; and that *L——d P——t* is a very able and a very honest Man. I hope I shall be excused for mentioning these few Truths in this Company; which I should not have done, but that there are none here but Friends, all of whom (I am sure) would be ashamed to repeat them.

One Word more, and I vanish. ——— Since the late numberless Apostacies in all Degrees and Ranks of Men; since Deserters and Traitors rise up every Day in all parts of these Kingdoms, so that it is almost impossible

ble to know whom to confide in, I am order'd to acquaint you, that H. M. looks upon the Independent Electors of this City as his ablest, best, and surest Friends; and into your Hands, and your Hands only, he commits the whole Management of his Affairs. — Where else he could he place them so wisely? Where else could he place them at all?

This great Mark of his M——'s Confidence will, I hope, rouse up your dejected Spirits, inflame your drooping Zeal, revive your former Clamours to disturb Society, to overturn the present Government, to restore your lawful K——, and in the End to ascertain to you all the Rights and Privileges belonging to such free-born *Englishmen*.

I have now done my Part; I have explained your Duty to you, and those Principles which I acted upon whilst alive, and which I sealed with my Blood. — Go all of you and do likewise.

On a certain METHODIST-TEACHER being caught in Bed with his Maid.

YOU a * Magistrate chief! his Wife tauntingly said,
You a Methodist-Teacher! and caught with your Maid!

A delicate Text this you've chosen to handle,
And fine holding-forth, without Day-light or Candle!

Quoth Gabriel, "My Dear, as I hope for Salvation,

"You make in your Anger a wrong Application;

"This Evening I taught how frail our Condition;

"And the good Maid and I were but at — *Repetition.*

* He is Mayor of a certain Corporation.

On passing the WINDOW-TAX.

JOVE said, *Let there be Light* — and lo
It instant was; and freely given
To every Creature under Heaven.

Says *P* — *m*, 'I'll not have it so;

- 'Darkness much better suits my Views,
- 'Let Darkness o'er the Land diffuse.
- 'Henceforth I WILL that all shall pay,
- 'For every Light, by Night or Day.'

He said — and as he had been a God,
The — Herd obey'd his Nod.

P — m Defended.

'**T**IS said that *Earth, Fire, Air, and Water*,
Compose this Universe of Matter;
And *Light*, Philosophers agree,
In Fire's a Part of Entity.

Then why this great *Complaint* of *P* — *m*,
Who spares *two Elements*? — Let's tell 'em:

Open your Door, or go without it,
And *Air* is free, you cannot doubt it:
Nay, in your Windows there are Cracks,
Where *Air* finds Passage — *without Tax*.

Pure *Water* of the Brook, or Lake,
Each Passenger may *gratis* take.

'Twas all that *Nature* meant at first;
'Tis all she gives to *quench our Thirst*.
But if 'tis *mix'd* with Malt, or Berry,
Why then you pay — for being merry.

The Censure, therefore, can't be right,
Which blames the Charge on *Earth* and *Light* ;
For, since the *Elements* are *Four*,
The 'Squire is kind to touch *no more*.

*An EPIGRAM on the Life and Character of
CICERO, from Dr. MIDDLETON, by C—— C——,
Esq; Servant to His Majesty.*

TULLY and Colley, Cicero and Cibber ;
Can Names be better match'd, or Verse run glibber ?
Great CÆSAR's Servant, emulous of Praise,
Matchless in Prose, as matchless in his Lays,
Presents the Publick with his humble Sense
Of Cicero's immortal Eloquence.
Fye ! mix not Tully's Name with such a Groom ;
Nor stain the sacred Orator of Rome.
'Tis Nuts for Colley, (sneering Rogue) 'tis Fun,
To lullaby this Brat of Middleton :
Born weak and puling, now grown worse and worse ;
Old Goody Cibber's taken it to Nurse.

A TARPAULIN-OPINION upon some new Promotions.

JACK reckons up the A——ls we have,
And wonders what a Plague we mean by *new* ?
Why, faith ! half these might serve, if half were *Brave*,
But twice as many Cowards are too few.

*A Specimen of a BIRTH-DAY ODE.**R E C I T A T I V E.*

THE Prince's natal Day I soar to sing,
 Sublimely soar ! like *Colly* to the King :
 At least, I strive as much as I am able
 To imitate his great *Inimitable*.
 But sordid *Flatt'ry* I have none, alack !
 Because I have no *Salary*——nor *Sack*.
 'Tis *Truth* I sing, such *Truth* as will remain,
 Whatever Prince may reign, or hope to reign.

A I R.

When Princes encourage,
 The Arts rise apace :
 Then why does not our Age
 Advance into Place ?
 Alas, for this Reason !
 No Premium for Wit——
 This cannot be Treason
 I humbly submit.

That Paymaster LEWIS
 Did ne'er want his Lay ;
 And sure it most true is,
 Who has it must pay :
 Else none will endeavour,
 No *Phæbus* will shine,
 But Odes will be ever
 Like *Cibber's* and mine.

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty Seven.

BRITONS, by all good Signs it does appear,
That FORTY SEVEN will be a saving Year:
The C——t begins, with condescending Grace,
And saves a World of Men, and eke of * Lacc.
Pl--m-n, 'tis said, will follow the Example,
And P——ns without Pl——s be less ample.

For C—— on *saving* does insist,
Thro' *Fleets*, thro' *Armies*, and the C——l L——ft.
Provence invaded, save *Sardinia's* King;
And ev'ry *British* Muse shall Pæans sing,
If WILLIAM's Plan should happily advance,
And save us from the future Fear of *France*.

* The two Troops of Guards.

*An EPI TAPH on a VICE-A——L lately dead
of the Gout.*

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent. VIR.

PASS o'er this Grave without Concern,
Here lies Old *Vice* from *Head* to *Stern*;
Averse to strike a Blow in Fight,
Inaction was his chief Delight.
He quiet lies, as off *Toulon*,
Pacifick Son of old *Neptune*.
Death struck his Flag and laid him by,
As Hulks in Docks and Harbours lie,
Unfit for Sea, with *British* Fleet
To second Heroes, fight and beat;
Heroick only in a safe Retreat.

Thou

Though Men of Valour/merit Fame,
 Less-Stock of Merit has no Claim.
 No Wonder such in Battle flinch;
 Can gouty Cripples stir an Inch?
 Let none lament this *Tar* defunct
 But *France*, and *Boccha Chica Punk*.

STANZAS of CONSOLATION, written in the
 Sternholdian, or C-bb--n Stile; to be said or sung
 by all whom it may concern.

COME, all ye Men of Pl--e or P--y,
 And eke ye Men of Hope;
 Rejoice in this *illustrious* Day,
 The Ex-----r soon will ope.
 Come ye who v-----e to fill the House,
 And ye who v-----te therein;
 From C-----l down to C--m--b--e,
 Where *Duties* run full *thin*.

For why? the Lord of S-----a saith,
 Your Wages shall be paid:
 He long has try'd your stedfast *Faith*,
 And now expects your Aid.
 Then till your Credit sinks anew,
 No *Comfort* need you lack:
 The P-----r his Tradesmen round may view,
 And C-----y drink his Sack.

GRACE after MEAT; Spoken extempore by a neighbouring Gentleman at the Table of a MISER, who, once in his Life made a sumptuous Entertainment.

THANKS for this Miracle; for 'tis no less
Than to eat Manna in the Wilderness!
Where Hunger reign'd, there we have found Relief,
And seen the Wonders of a Chine of Beef.
Chimnies have smoak'd, that never smoak'd before,
And we have eat, where we shall eat no more.

Ex MARTIALE. Epigram. 1.

Applied to G. and E. C—r.

SO like in Manners and in Lives,
The worst of Husbands, worst of Wives;
It seems surprizing quite to me,
Two so well matcht should not agree.

An EPIGRAM.

On the very different Behaviour of the Earl of Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino, and the Accounts of them at their Execution.

Kilmarnock all Ice, Balmerino all Fire,
Shall I censure the One, or the Other admire?
Both lost i'th' Extremes!—Why in Truth I think neither:
True Virtue is fixt, and inclines not to either:
Then cease your Contentions, 'tis plain on the Whole,
For as One was too Warm, was the Other too Cool.

TYBURN'S

TYBURN'S terrible Quarrel with Tower-Hill, about
L——d L—— T.

In Imitation of the Measure of the old Doggrel Ballad.

WHEN Libertine *Simon* was brought to Town,
Soon after his Clans had met a Rout,
When Liberty rose, and Rebellion fell down,
They say *Tower-Hill* and *Tyburn* fell out.
Quoth terrible *Tyburn* to lofty *Tow'r-Hill*,
Thy long'd-for Days are come at last,
And now thou wilt daily thy Belly fill
With Lordly Blood, while I must fast.
More Rebel Peers will come to the Bar
There to be cook'd and serv'd for thee;
Whilst I, that live out of Town so far,
Must only be fed by Felony.
If Treason be deem'd the foulest Act,
And Dying be a Traitor's Due,
Then why should you all the Glory exact,
You know he is fitter for me than you.
Then with compos'd and stately Face,
Tow'r-Hill to *Tyburn* made Reply :
" Brother ! be moderate in the Case,
" Thou'lt have our Friend old *Simon*, not I.
" E'en take him, *Tyburn*, he's thy own ;
" Divide his Quarters with thy Knife,
" Who did pollute with Flesh and Bone
" The Quarters of his Neighbour's Wife.
" He's in the Clan of scurvy Peers,
" His Title doubted——take him thither ;
" But he has been addled so many Years,
" I fear he'll hardly hang together.
" Then never fear me that I will
" Deprive thee on the fatal Day,
" 'Tis fit, they who their King would kill,
" Should hang up on the King's Highway.

Then

Then taunting Tyburn fill'd with Scorn,
 Made proud Tow'r-Hill this curst Reply,
 " So much rank Blood my Paunch will turn,
 " Thou better hadst be sick than I."

Tow'r-Hill with this began to fret,

And Tyburn look'd quite grim with Spleen,
 And as sure as a Club they both had met,
 Had not good London step between.

METHUSELAH.

*An exact Copy of the Letter wrote by Lord L——T to
 his Royal Highness the Duke of C———D.
 Dated at Fort-William, June 12, 1746.*

S I R,

THIS Letter is most humbly address'd to your
 Royal Highness, by the very unfortunate SIMON
 Lord F——R of L——. I durst not presume to
 solicit or petition your Royal Highness for any Favour,
 if it was not well known to the best People in this
 Country attached to the Government, such as the Lord
 President, and by those that frequented the Court at
 that Time, that I did more essential Service to your
 Royal Family, in suppressing the great Rebellion in
 the Year 1715, with the Hazard of my Life, and the
 Loss of my only Brother, than any of my Rank in
 Scotland; for which I had three Letters of Thanks from
 my Royal Master, by the Hands of Earl Stanhope, then
 Secretary of State; in which his Majesty strongly pro-
 mis'd to give me such Marks of Favour, as should oblige
 all the Country to be faithful to him; therefore the
 gracious King was as good as his Word to me; for as
 soon as I arriv'd at Court, and was introduced to the
 King by the late Duke of Argyle, I became, by Degrees,
 to be as great a Favourite as any Scotchman about the
 Court; and I often carried your Royal Highness in my
 Arms in the Parks of Kensington and Hampton-Court, to
 hold

hold you up to your Royal Grandfather, that he might embrace you, for he was very fond of you and the young Princesses. Now, Sir, all that I have to say in my present Circumstances, is, that your Royal Highness will be pleased to extend your Goodness towards me, in a generous and compassionate Manner, in my present deplorable Situation ; and, if I have the Honour to kiss your Royal Highness's Hand, I would easily demonstrate to you, that I can do more Service to the King and Government, than the destroying an hundred such old, and very infirm Men like me, passed seventy, (without the least Use of my Hands, Legs, or Knees) can be of Advantage in any Shape to the Government.

Your Royal Father, our present Sovereign, was very kind to me in the Year 1715. I presented on my Knees to his Majesty a Petition in favour of the Laird of *M^r Intosh*, to obtain a Protection for him, which he granted me, and gave it to *Charles Catbcart*, then Groom of his Bedchamber, and ordered him to deliver it into my Hands, that I might give it to the Laird of *M^r Intosh*. This was but one Testimony of several Marks of Goodness his Majesty was pleased to bestow on me while the King was at *Hanover* ; so I hope I shall feel, that the same compassionate Blood runs in your Royal Highness's Veins.

Major-General *Campbell* told me, that he had the Honour to acquaint your Royal Highness, that he was sending me to *Fort William*, and that he begged of your Royal Highness to order a Litter to be made for me, to carry me to *Fort Augustus*, as I am in such a Condition, that I am not able to stand, walk, or ride. I am, with the utmost Submission, and most profound Respect,

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's most obedient,

and most faithful humble Servant,

LOVAT.

*The Duke of C———'s most gracious Answer to
Lord L———'s late Address. By Way of Epigram.*

YOU *nurs'd* me, and *bus'd* me, and *bugg'd* me, 'tis true,
When I was but a Babe in a Coat ;
But now I'm grown *big*, and as *bulky* as You,
You would, if you could, cut my *Throat*.
Yet, waving all this, if indeed you'll repent,
Tho' you have prov'd such a wicked old *Tartar*,
Let the *Pope*, your good Friend, but make you a *Saint*,
I'll promise to make you a *Martyr*.

A Modern VISIT.

A Rap at the Door ; when forth from her Chair
Flounces Madam, bedizen'd with much Cost and
Care.
John, is not that Coach, which stands at the Door,
The Dutchess of *Basto's*?—Nay, it is, I am sure ;
Therefore step to her House, (it is scarcely a Mile,)
And say I'm hard-by, and have sent you the while
To know if her Grace is at home, and alone,
And if my Lord *Whistle* to *Flanders* be gone ;
And don't you forget to ask after *Fannet*,
Her favourite Dog—and be back in a Minute.
Then up Stairs she stamps, and bawls out aloud,—
I hope, Sir, your Lady has not got a Croud ;
If she has—Oh ! my Dear, what, quite all alone ?
Why sure ev'ry Mortal is gone out of Town :
I thought I shou'd never have seen you again.
Have you heard of the News that's just come from *Spain*?
They say the Queen's dead ;—and 'tis certain the King
Will march back to his Convent ;—and that till the Spring
The Camp will not form.—I some way feel very odd—
Do you know for a Truth that our King goes abroad?—
And

And so Mrs. *Cibber's* return'd to the Stage!——

I wish the Directors wou'd *Handel* engage.——

I'm quite in a Rapture with sweet *Monticelli*:——

I wonder what's come of poor, dear *Farinelli*!——

He ne'er will return, I very much fear.——

Oh! pray have you ever seen *Garrick* play here?

Pray give me Permission to mend up your Fire.——

Lord! how strangely I look!——But have you heard
from the 'Squire

Since he went out of Town?——You seem grave, Lady

Betty——

I think Green and Gold upon Slippers looks pretty;——

Of Damask, or Velvet, which best do you like?——

Oh! my Nephew at last is to carry a Pike.——

I thought last Night's Party wou'd never have ended:

From such stupid Mortals may I be defended!

Did you mind how she look'd when I said she renounc'd,

And how, when the Rubbers was over, she flounc'd?——

I thought my good Lady, as it then was so late,

Might have had the good Manners to have ask'd us to
eat:——

And her Sister, for Breeding so vastly admir'd;——

But where little is given, there's little requir'd.——

I'm sure those that mind them have but little to do.——

By the way, how goes Matters 'twixt *Bellmour* and you?

I thought, long ere this, to have given you Joy:——

Now really, my Dear, I think you're too coy.

I'll swear he's the handsomest Man in the World.——

Lord! your Hair, my dear Child, is most frightfully
curl'd:——

But here comes more People; my Dearest, adieu:

I hope I shall see you, when you have nought else to do.

A Letter from a French Secretary to a Dutch Minister, literally translated in Prose, and fairly represented in Doggrel.

S I R,

THE King has commanded me to write to your Excellency on the Subject of the Situation in which Prince *Edward* and his Party find themselves since the *Advantage* which the Troops of the King of *England* gained over them on the 27th past. All *Europe* knows the Ties of Kindred which subsist between the King and Prince *Edward*: And besides, that young Prince unites in himself all the Qualifications which ought to interest in his Favour those Powers, who esteem and cherish *Valour and Courage*; and the King of *England* is too just and impartial a Judge of true Merit, not to respect it, even when it is found in his Enemy. The Character also of the *Britannick* Nation cannot but inspire every *Englishman* with Admiration for a Countryman of theirs, so distinguished by his Talents and his heroic Virtues.

All these Reasons, Sir, should naturally ensure the Fate of Prince *Edward*; and it may be expected, at the same Time, from the Moderation and Clemency of the King of *England*, that he will not permit the utmost Severity to be exercised on those Persons, (of whatever Condition or Sex they be) who, in these Circumstances of Trouble and Confusion, have followed those Standards which lately fell before the *English* Arms commanded by the Duke of *Cumberland*.

However, Sir, as in the first Motions of a Revolution, Resentment and Revenge are sometimes carried to such Excess, as in more peaceable Circumstances would not take Place; the King thinks he ought, on this Account, to prevent (as much as in him lies) the dangerous

dangerous Effects of every too severe Resolution which his *Britannick* Majesty may take.

It is with this *so just and so decent View*, that the King has commanded me, Sir, to demand of your Excellency, that you would write to the *English* Ministry, and represent to it, with all possible Force and * *Unction*, the Inconveniencies that will infallibly result from every violent Enterprize against Prince *Edward*.

The *Law of Nations*, and the particular Interest which his Majesty takes in this Prince, are Motives which will *probably* make an Impression on the Court of London: And his Majesty hopes he shall find none but *noble and magnanimous* Proceedings from the King of England and the *English* Nation: And that *all those who, in this last Instance, have attached themselves to the House of Stuart*, will have nothing to do but to praise the Generosity and Clemency of his *Britannick* Majesty.

But if, contrary to all Hopes, any Attempt be made on the Liberty of Prince *Edward*, or the Lives of his Friends and Partisans, it is easy to foresee what a Spirit of Animosity and Fury may be the fatal Consequence of such Rigour; and how many innocent Persons on each Side, may, for the Remainder of this War, *fall the sad Victims of a Violence*, which can only serve to sharpen and irritate the Malady, and assuredly cannot at all *edify Europe*.

Nobody more properly than you, Sir, can give their due Weight to all these Reasons: Your Equity and your Love of Peace will suggest to you, on this Occasion, what is best to be said on so interesting a Subject.

Your Excellency will of yourself perceive that there is not a Moment's Time to be lost, in writing to the Ministers of the King of *England*; and I hope you will

* The *French* Term *Unction*, has chiefly been used among Divines. A Preacher that moves the Passions strongly, is said (among those Mysticks) to preach with *Unction*: Just as the *Methodists* say a Man preaches or prays with *Power*.

be so kind as to communicate to me the Answer you shall receive on their Part, that I may give an Account thereof to the King, who, in Consequence, will take such Resolutions as his Majesty shall judge proper for his Glory, and the Dignity of his Crown. He sincerely desires that the King of *England* may give him nothing to follow but Examples of *Humanity, Sweetness, and Greatness of Soul.*

I am, Sir, &c.

D'A——n.

The Same VERSIFIED.

S I R,

BY my Monarch's Command I have ta'en Pen and Ink,

To give you to know what we both of us think

Of the Pickle in which is Prince *Ned, alias Charly,*

Since the *Drubbing*, Duke *Will* lately gave him so fairly.

All *Europe* well knows of the Kindred and Kindness

That subsist 'twixt our Monarch, and P. *Edward's* Highness:

Besides that the Prince, (Oh! the precious young Elf!)

All those Qualities rare does unite in himself,

Which so wond'rously take with all Princes in our Age,

Who love Courage and Valour, and—*Valour and Courage;*

And K. G. being himself a just Judge, needs must own him

A Prince of *vast Merit, who hopes to dethrone him.*

The Character too of the Nation *Britannic,*

(Now their Spirits are up, and they're out of their Panic)

Is such, that each *Englishman* must set a Value on

This their Countryman *Scot—who was born an Italian.*

These *so natural* Reasons must needs, without doubt,
Secure the Prince *Edward*, and his whole Rabble Rout,
And

And the *Clement* K. G. must forgive all the Ninnies,
 (Not only the *Fockeys*, but also the *Jennys*)
 Who from *Cumberland's* Valour did fairly run off, in
 Th'Adventure of *Standard with Crown and with Coffin.*
 And since, after all their Confusion and Pother,
 They have miss'd of the one, he'll e'en let 'em miss t'other.

Our Master howe'er (if he can) thinks it proper
 To prevent all the dangerous Effects of the Rope here ;
 'Cause he often, *full wisely*, has made Observation,
 That in Times when Rebellion's on foot in a Nation,
 The Government's much more inclin'd to apply it,
 Than when Matters go forward in Peace and in Quiet.

'Tis with this View alone—(Oh ! *how just, and how*
decent !)

This Letter, dear Sir, is by Order to thee sent,
 To command thee to write to the Duke of N———,
 And send him a Copy of this in the Parcel.
 And be sure that you labour and drudge in this Function,
 Till you *sweat* like a Bull—then inform him *with Unction*,
 That from Shoulders so princely to take off the Head,
 wou'd

Prove a great Inconvenience, be sure, to P. *Edward*.
 K. G. can't but know, that the great *Law of Nations*
 Allows of *Rebellions*, if we call 'em *Invasions* ;
 And our Monarch's Attachment to th' House of the
Stuarts

Is a Motive *most likely* to influence the true Hearts
 Of magnanimous *George*, and of each noble *Briton*,
 These *Rebels* not to hang or behead, but have Pity on.
 Thus, their Pardons obtain'd, they'll have nought—
that they'll tell ye on,

But his Praises, from henceforth—*till another Rebellion* :
 But if, contrary to all this well-grounded Assurance,
 Our peerless Prince *Edward* should get in vile Durance ;
 Or Attempts should be made on the Heads of his Party,
B-l-m-r-no, L-v-t, K-l-m-rn-ck, Cr-m-rtty,

It

It then will appear, with what Rage and what Fury
Grand Monarques can hang up Folks *without Judge or*
Jury.

While Rack, and while Gibbet, while old Rope, and
 new Rope,

A full evil Example shall set to all Europe.

For we own, *spite of Popery*, on this sad Occasion,
Persecution ~~is not~~ *Edification.*

To show our Force to this new sort of Reason,
 For ~~the~~ *Treasons*, and praising of *Treason*,
 You ~~can~~ *can* tell how: for no such Man
 To do ~~this~~ *this*, as a *franchis'd Dutchman*.

There's no Time to be lost——make what Haste
 then you can, Sir,

And send me with Speed what they give you for Answer,
 That the King may such Measures pursue when he
 knows,

As for the Honour of *France* he shall judge *a-propos*.

He sincerely desires from the King of *Great-Britain*

An Example (*and truly he much wants a fit one*)

Of Humanity, Sweetness, and Greatness of Soul,

Good Subjects to cherish, and Traytors controul.

The END of NUMBER IV.

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